

Lookin Good, Feelin Bad by CodyDarkstalker

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Summary: After the fight in the Byers house, Billy Hargrove's fixation on Steve Harrington only gets worse. He's not sure what it is about the other boy, but he can't seem to get him out of his head, no matter how hard he tries.

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p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"Bill watched Steve out of the corner of his eye as he took his shirt off. It had been a few days since their brawl in the Byer house, and Steve's face was still a mess of bruises. He himself had caught hell from his old man when he came home that night, late, bloody, with no car and no little sister. He couldn't remember much of what had happened after the fight. One moment he was beating Harrington's pretty face in and the next he was waking up in the early hours of dawn with what felt like a hangover from hell./p

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had a few stitches high on his forehead where Billy had gotten him with the plate. They stared at one another for a few moments until Steve finally looked away and got out of his car. For a moment Billy had thought Steve was going to try and fight him, maybe try and get even for what had happened. But instead he just grabbed his backpack and headed into the school without a word. A minute later Billy did the same./p

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p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"Billy was almost certain Steve had been avoiding him. He had turned around in hallways, ate lunch in his car, he had even walked out of a bathroom when he came in and saw Billy standing at the mirror combing his hair. But now Steve was just ten feet away, and when he pulled his shirt off Billy could see the bruises on his back from when he had fallen on the Byers' paper covered floor./p

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1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"Steve, maybe feeling Billy's eyes on him, spun around to glare at the other boy. "What?" he demanded. "What is it Billy? Huh? Wanna go again? Is that it?"/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"Billy's face automatically fell into the sneer he reserved just for 'King Steve'. "Nah, not today Stevie. The last ass kicking I gave you should last a while longer." He took a step forward and placed his hands on the lockers, boxing Steve in with his body. "Why, you want me on you again so soon?"/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"Steve blushed and looked at the ground. "What? No. Just, why don't you leave me alone huh? Don't you have anything better to do than hassle me?"/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"Better than you baby?" Billy leaned in close to whisper in Steve's ear. "Now why would you think anything could be more fun than fucking with you, huh pretty boy?"/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"Steve flinched at the feeling of the other boy's warm breath on his ear. "Okay, okay, knock it off with the pretty boy bit won't ya?" he whined, trying to squirm away. "You had your fun right?"/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"Billy grinned, wide and feral. "What do you mean pretty boy? I haven't had any fun at all yet." He pressed a knee in between Steve's legs, pleased

to feel the other boy's reaction."But it sure seems like you're having some. Now, that doesn't seem fair to me." He grabbed Steve by the chin and forced him to tilt his head up. "Does it seem fair to you Stevie?"/p

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p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"Billy narrowed his eyes and squeezed Steve's face a bit harder, pulling a small pained noise from the other boy. "Oh, is that right? Well than I guess I should leave you alone huh?" He leaned in close. "See you later, King Steve." With that he shoved Steve down and walked away, leaving the other boy panting on the floor, a noticeable tent in his basketball shorts./p